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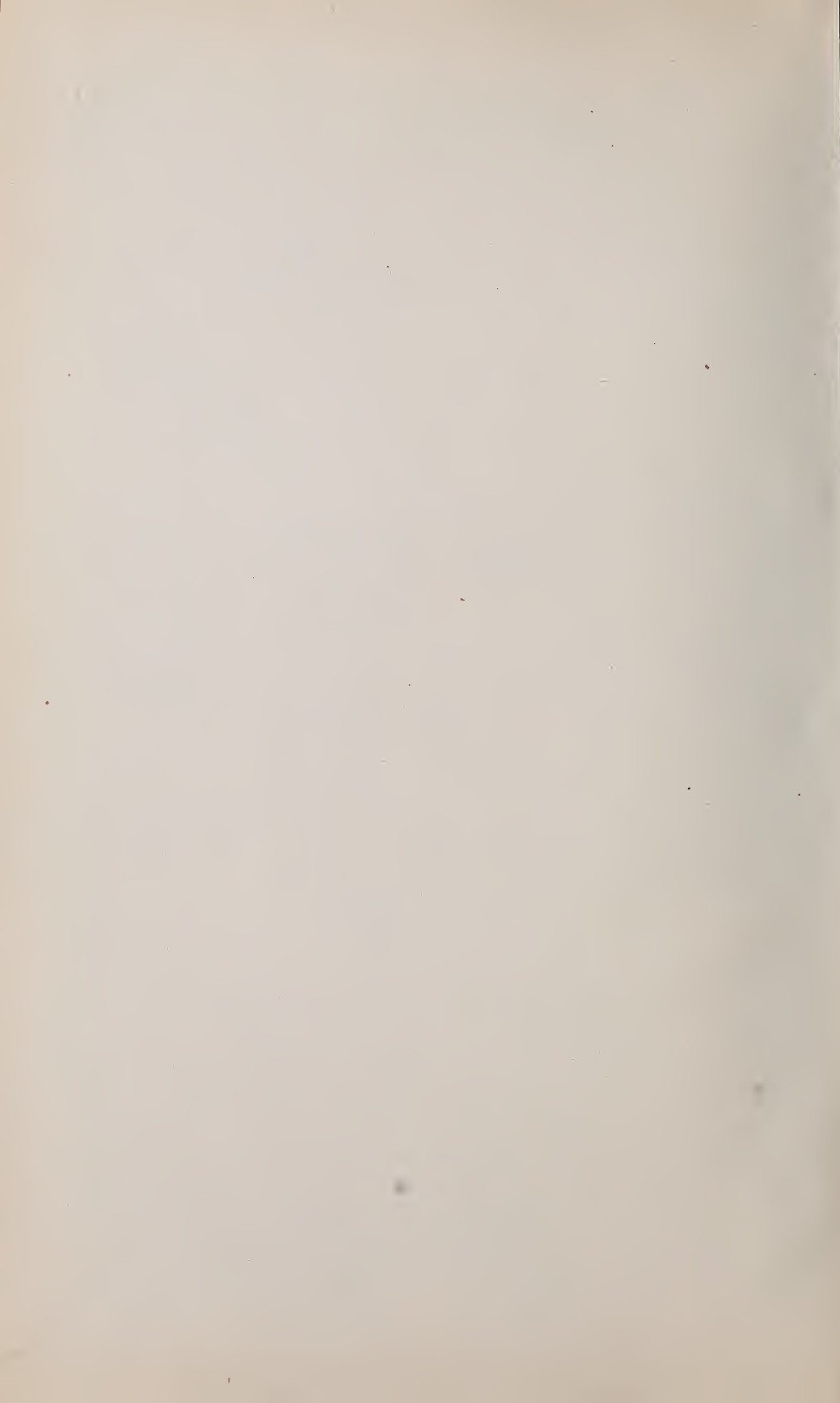
# Memorial.



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RUEFF & SHULTSE, N.Y.

Yours Truly  
Sylvester Flagler



# In Memoriam.

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## SYLVESTER FLAGLER

BORN AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., FEBRUARY 10, 1861.

DIED AT SUSP. BRIDGE, N. Y., NOVEMBER 29, 1880.

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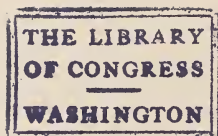
"THE RECORD OF A GENEROUS LIFE RUNS LIKE A VINE AROUND THE  
MEMORY OF OUR DEAD, AND EVERY SWEET UNSELFISH  
ACT IS NOW A PERFUMED FLOWER."

*Flagler, Benjamin*  
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TO THOSE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.



## In Memoriam.

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SYLVESTER FLAGLER, only child of BENJAMIN and MARTHA J. FLAGLER, died at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., November 29th, 1880. He was born in Lockport, N. Y., February 10th, 1861, but with his parents became a resident of Suspension Bridge in 1863, which place was his home while he lived. He was educated at the Suspension Bridge Public School and at De Veaux College, and, in the spring of 1878, graduated at Bryant's Commercial College, in Buffalo. His career in these educational institutions was marked by an aptitude for learning, and a gentlemanly bearing which endeared him to both teachers and companions.

In July, 1878, he crossed the Atlantic, and spent over a year in different parts of Europe.

He remained in England until January, 1879, when he went to Brunswick, Germany, where he staid until May following, perfecting himself not only in the German language, but in a knowledge of the people and customs of that sturdy and historic country, in a manner that showed a comprehensive as well as a bright intellect.

The ensuing summer was spent in leisurely travels up the Rhine, through Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, and to England, and from there home in the fall of 1879.

A marked feature of this foreign sojourn and travel was, that it was made alone by a youth of seventeen years, and with no American companions except such as chance threw in his way. These meetings were frequent, and the surprise of old friends of his family, who met him in these foreign parts, soon gave place to real pleasure when they ascertained that he could be of more service to them than they to him. His

descriptions of the scenes, people, and countries which he visited exhibited acquirements of observation and thoughtfulness very rare for one of his age.

From infancy his constitution was a delicate one, and he always evinced more intellectual than physical vigor ; but he returned from Europe so well, bright, and hopeful, that for a season all doubt was removed that the bright promise of his youth would find fruition in a noble manhood. The fatal disease which caused his death was contracted the winter previous, while he was in Kansas City, Missouri, on a pleasure trip.

He left home in January, visiting his uncle, Col. D. W. FLAGLER, at Rock Island, on his way, and soon after reaching Kansas City his parents were summoned to his sick bedside. After a few weeks of assiduous care he was able to be brought home, but in such a feeble condition that recovery was considered doubtful

even by those to whom he was dearest. But the ceaseless vigil and devoted care which attended the invalid's couch temporarily triumphed, and the gloom which had so long held sway in the circle of his home and friends was dispelled as he gradually regained health and was again seen in his accustomed ways.

So hopeful, indeed, had all become, that when, in September last, he was again stricken with the same disease very sanguine were the hopes of his speedy recovery. But alas! this was not to be, and the shock of grief and sympathy that saddened an entire community, on that sad November day which announced his death, will be long remembered.

Brief, very brief, was the life which opened so full of promise, and which bid fair to more than fulfill the expectations of doting parents and loving friends. But, if it was brief, it was long enough to leave behind many of those precious memories which elevate and ennoble humanity.



Rich as were the gifts of this departed youth in all that secures earthly success and honor, richer still was he in those divine virtues which, exemplified in life, make man but a little lower than the angels. The manliness of character, the goodness of heart, the nobleness of deed, which were the companions of his every-day life, constitute a legacy which mourning friends will cherish as of priceless value, and is a monument to his memory more enduring than can be cast in bronze or chiseled in marble.

S. S. P.

## Friendship's Tributes.

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*The following are Extracts from a few of the many Letters of Sympathy received from Friends in different parts of the country and from over the sea.*

ST. PAUL, Minn., December 3d, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

\* \* \* \* \*

We were inexpressibly shocked and grieved to hear of SYLVESTER'S death. While we can say nothing to lessen your grief, we mourn with you for your noble boy, for we too loved him. In years he was so young, but had lived more and had larger experiences than many old men; and it must comfort you to know that you made his life a happy one. He has left behind him a pure life. With all his opportunities to choose evil ways, if such had been his desire, he came back to you pure and manly, and the memory of his whole life is a pleasure.

That you may have strength given you to bear your great trial is our most earnest wish.

In sincere sympathy,

A. J. G.

GENEVA, N. Y., December 4th, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. FLAGLER :

\* \* \* \* \*

Painful as was my visit, still it was the source of some gratification to me, for I never witnessed greater sympathy for parents in affliction, than was shown by those who came from abroad, as well as by near neighbors. I was struck with the common appreciation of your loss, by remarks overheard from persons on the street, as well as from those admitted to personal intimate relations with the family.

SYLVESTER was a boy of strongly-marked moral character—witness his charity, long suffering and kind clinging to friends. His gentleness, which filled you with apprehension for his sufferings from contact with the world, and because of which it was so much harder to give him up, is now to be kept forever where the blight of mortal sin can never shock it. Remember that when in Europe, subject to all the dangers and temptations of this life, you trusted him to his Creator, so now believe that he is *still* your child, bound by the same ties of gentle love, very near you, and safe in God's Paradise.

Very truly yours,

R. J.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 30, 1880.

MR. AND MRS. BENJ. FLAGLER:

*Dear Friends:*

The fact that I have not written you sooner, and expressed my sympathy on account of your affliction, the death of your son and my friend, is not due to forgetfulness, you may be assured, but to a combination of untoward circumstances.

Not alone on account of the esteem in which I have ever held you, his parents, was I drawn towards SYLVESTER, as he possessed all the traits of character that combined make up the perfect man. I met him, as you know, in Paris, when homeward bound, after spending the winter and summer of 1879 in Germany, completing his knowledge of the language, and had I been a stranger I would have been attracted by his manly ways. As it was, we journeyed through France, Belgium, and Holland together, and the bands which ever bind countrymen, when traveling amid new scenes, among strange people and in foreign lands, appear to have been doubly strong in our case. Had I ever taken the time to think or cared to analyze the reasons that caused me so ardently to admire one so considerably younger than myself, I would have found them in his frank, open disposition, his generous ways, and that indefinable charm of manner language cannot describe.

Nor were the effects of these admirable traits of character confined to myself. Thoroughly capable of taking care of himself, as by intuition, he was never imposed upon by sham appeals for charity, while aid was ever extended from his ready purse to those deserving. His very greeting appeared to make him friends, and the tones of his voice brought forth a cheerful response, even from the peasant who did not understand his language. He could hardly have made enemies if he would.

In the light of what has happened since, I have sometimes thought that SYLVESTER had a premonition that his life would be but short; but if such a shadow really did hover over his spirit, its effect was but transitory, and he was ever building high hopes for the future. In these "castles," as they are sometimes called, he was always providing a place for his parents whom he loved so well.

Farther than this, my dear friends, I feel that I need not speak. Why one so loving, so brilliant, and with such promise of a useful life before him, was taken, and others left, is a mystery now known only to "Him who doeth all things well," and which will, I trust, be revealed to us in the great hereafter.

With tears for the departed, and the feeling that I am in some faint degree united with you in a common sorrow,

I remain, as ever,

Yours very truly,

L. C. S.

MANCHESTER, England, December 15th, 1880.

DEAR FLAGLER :

We were very greatly shocked to hear of SYLVESTER'S death. How sad—how very sad it is. Alas, our hearts have been sadly crushed by the cold hand of death, during the year now drawing to a close! It is the swift recurring lot of all mankind, and, do what we will, the end comes sooner or later.

SYLVESTER was very dear to us, as he was so kind and pleasant always. The children, HARRY and MABEL, remember him very well, and their little faces were expressive of grief when I made them understand that they would see "Mr. SYLVY," as they called him, no more.

No words of mine, my dear Mr. and Mrs. FLAGLER, can assuage the grief that now bows you down, but you have our full sympathy in your deep affliction.

The consolations of Heaven alone can bring peace, and by and by we shall meet our lost ones where death will not come.

God bless you and yours, and give you both strength in this dark hour of sorrow and mourning.

Faithfully yours,

A. D. S.

## Promoted.

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*Affectionately inscribed to Capt. and Mrs. Benj. Flagler.*

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“WHOM THE GODS LOVE, DIE YOUNG.”

When we behold the rising morning star,  
 Shorn of its splendor by the sun-god's rays,  
 We do not mourn the star, but rather praise  
 The Power that brought such glory from afar,  
 At dawn of one of June's most perfect days.

When from some ancient castle's moated wall  
 A flock of carrier doves are freed for flight,  
 The bravest and most loving one of all  
 First hears within the homing instinct call,  
 And soonest hides among the clouds from sight.

What if a new recruit, by valiant deed,  
 Outranks his serried comrades old and gray,  
 And gains the stars and spurs that are the meed  
 Of heroes, such as in life's conflict lead,—  
 Would those who love him best his fame delay?

We know the star, that was your guiding light,  
 Is shrouded in the darkness of the grave:  
 Your dove of promise, hidden from your sight  
 Behind the clouds of death's long, gloomy night;  
 And life and love o'erwhelmed by sorrow's wave.

He grew not old ; in youth's unsullied prime  
 His ransomed spirit sought its native shore.  
 He lives with God, and from that nightless clime  
 He sends a message to these shores of time,  
 To bid his friends no more his fate deplore.

He is not lost, oh hearts ! whose weeping wild  
 Proclaims your love is manifold and great !  
 Remember this is now your high estate—  
 To be the parents of an angel child ;  
 And let the thought your sorrows mitigate.

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

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## Memorial.

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At a Special Meeting of "OUR SOCIETY," held the 13th day of November, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted :

*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, our friend and associate, SYLVESTER FLAGLER ; and

*Whereas*, It seems to us extremely fitting upon this solemn occasion, assembled as we now are, to render such tribute as we feebly can to his memory and worth, therefore be it



*Resolved*, That in his decease we suffer the irreparable loss of an estimable and energetic member; a companion, whose amiability was of the most endearing kind; a true and steadfast friend, whose heart was ever warm with affectionate sympathy, and whose noble nature commends itself as one most worthy of our emulation. And, though we mourn his being called away, let us hope that he has entered into that heavenly rest which awaits the children of God.

*Resolved*, That we tender the parents of our deceased comrade our heartfelt sympathies in this their hour of deep affliction; and though no earthly comfort can assuage their grief, we do most fervently invoke the grace of God, the Comforter, to enable them to accept with Christian resignation the ways of an inscrutable Providence.

“Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above;  
Souls like thine with God, inherit  
Life and love.”

*Resolved*, That our room be draped in mourning, and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the parents of the deceased, be engrossed upon the minutes of “Our Society,” and inserted in the Suspension Bridge “Journal” and Niagara Falls “Gazette.”

E. ROMMEL,  
*Secretary.*

S. Z. HARROUN,  
*President.*

## From the Press.

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*Suspension Bridge Journal of January 22d, 1881.*

"OUR SOCIETY" has beautifully engrossed and neatly framed the "Resolutions of Sympathy" on the death of SYLVESTER FLAGLER, one of its members, and presented the same to his parents. The work of engrossing was done by R. D. WING, Esq., and is the finest work of art of the kind that ever came under our observation.

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*Lockport Daily Journal, November 30th, 1880.*

SYLVESTER FLAGLER, son of Captain BENJAMIN FLAGLER, Collector of Customs at Suspension Bridge, died at his home in that village yesterday noon, after a long and painful illness. The blow of course falls with terrible and crushing effect upon Capt. FLAGLER and his estimable and devoted wife.

The deceased was a young man of uncommon promise; genial, cultured, and a special favorite with all his companions. An only child, upon whom the hopes of fond parents centred, nothing had been neglected that could

in any way add to his pleasure or benefit. He had been educated in the best of schools here, and had enjoyed that widening and liberalizing experience which is the peculiar advantage of foreign travel.

His disease was pleurisy, something of which first attacked him about a year ago, when on a visit to Kansas City. He received medical treatment at the time, and returning home it was hoped and believed he had been permanently benefited. But such finally proved not to be the case. The old foe returned, and this time with resistless enmity. The best of human skill proved unavailing, and after an unequal contest of long duration, but one in which the sufferer bore himself with remarkable fortitude and patience, he finally passed peacefully away.

In their deep affliction Captain and Mrs. FLAGLER may rest assured they have the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of their large and attached circle of friends throughout Niagara county.

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*Suspension Bridge Journal, December 4th, 1880.*

Although not wholly unprepared for the event, the announcement of the death of SYLVESTER FLAGLER, which occurred on Monday last, was a great shock to this community, and caused wide-spread gloom and sorrow.

The deceased had grown up from infancy to opening manhood in this village, and was as widely beloved and respected as he was known. Indeed, the old adage that "the good die young," received fresh vindication in this sad taking off. Young FLAGLER early developed the fact that he was born with more mental than physical vigor, but fond parents struggled with zealous care and watchful effort to supply the deficiency. In pursuance of this purpose some three years ago he was sent to Europe, where he remained long enough to secure the complete mastery of the German language, and returned with a constitution, as was believed, invigorated and strengthened. He maintained his usual health until last March, when on a visit to friends at Kansas City, Missouri, he was prostrated by pleurisy, and which on his return home was followed up by other complications which brought him near death's door. He, however, temporarily recovered, and hopes were entertained that his youth and vitality would enable him to conquer his ailment. But it was a delusive hope. Early in September last, the disease renewed its virulence, and the struggle, which ended so sadly on Monday last, has been continued ever since. In this struggle he had all the aid which medical skill, doting parents, loving friends and a sympathizing community could extend, but it was of no avail. Death loves a shining mark, and it is among the inscrutable

Providences that those who, to mortal eyes, have most to live for, are so often the first to die. Our whole community feels stricken in this sad calamity, which has taken from us one whom none knew but to love. But who can minister to the crushed hearts of that bereaved father and mother in this hour? Him alone, whose compassion is infinite, and whose love is everlasting.

The funeral was observed from the residence of the family on Wednesday afternoon last, and was largely attended by friends from abroad as well as at home. Rev. Dr. ELY, of Lockport, officiated, reciting the solemn burial service of the Episcopal liturgy with impressive effect. The beautiful singing was furnished by the choir of the Congregational Church of Lockport. The remains were deposited in the vault at Oakwood Cemetery, in this place, where they will be kept for final burial in the Spring. The pall bearers were Messrs. E. ROMMEL, ALLEN JEFFREY, JAMES BROWN, C. F. BUCK, M. V. PEARSON, JOHN HANCOCK, HENRY CLARK, C. S. RICE. HENRY FALES, and R. S. CALKINS.

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*Suspension Bridge Journal, December 4th, 1880.*

The beautiful floral offerings at SYLVESTER FLAGLER'S funeral were the gifts of friends. Among them were a

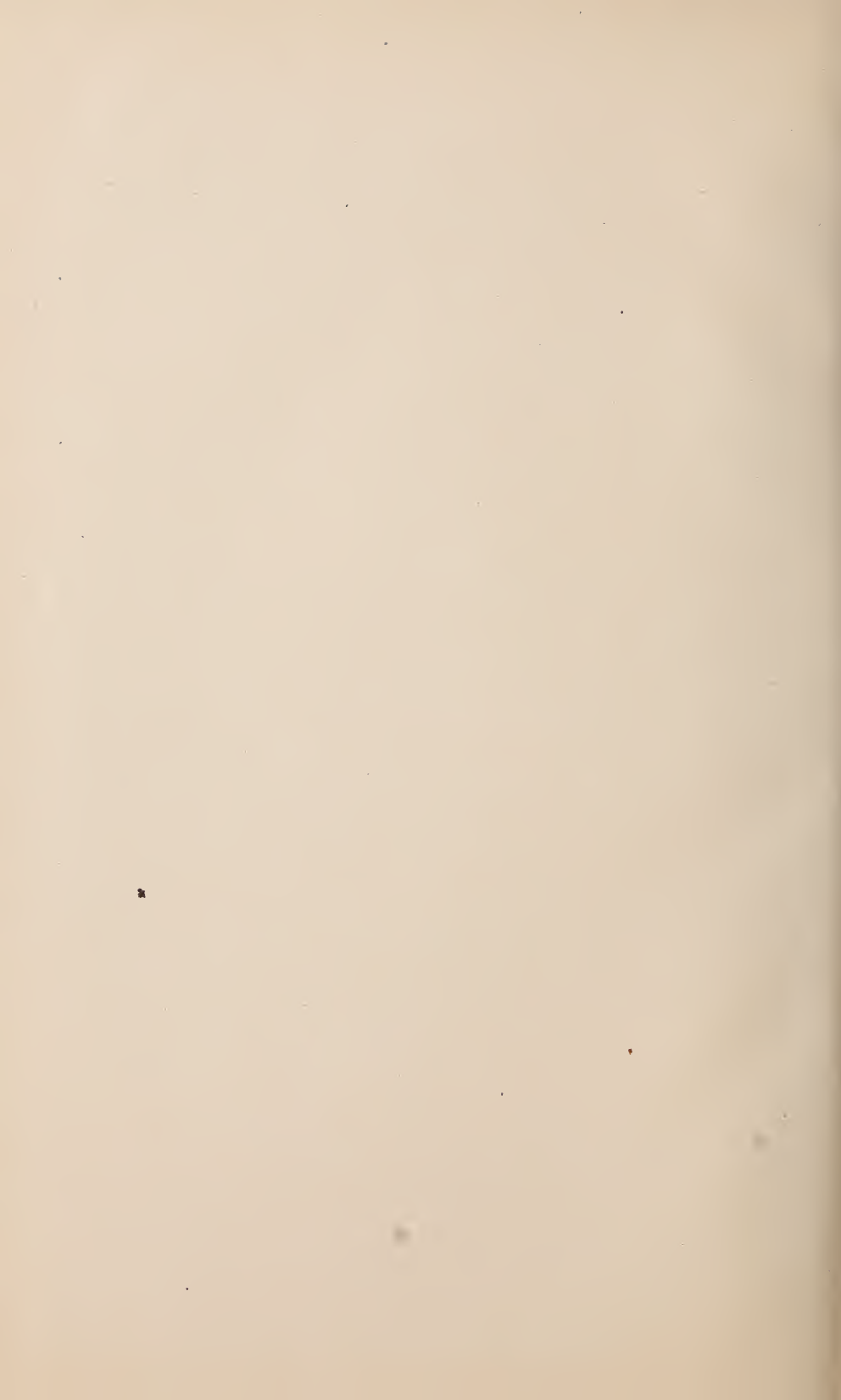
cross and crown from Mr.\* and Mrs. A. M. WITMER; a large standing cross from Mr. and Mrs. H. E. WOODFORD; a star, with the initial "S," from HOWARD and FLORA PEARSON; a cross, with initials "S. F.," from MARTIN V. PEARSON; a cross from Mr. and Mrs. LAMONT; a wreath from the Suspension Cornet Band; a pillow of flowers from "Our Society," of which the deceased had been an honored member for seven years; two baskets of flowers from Miss SARAH FLAGLER and Mrs. E. H. TERRILL, and a bouquet from Miss KIEFER, of Buffalo.

















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